Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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THE VICTIM.

From the Notes of a Town Traveller.

I was sitting in a corner of the traveller's room at a small inn on a road to Northampton, comfortably smoking my pipe, and carelessly listening to the conversation held by my fellow travellers, about five or six in number, when one of them, a very genteel-looking man of the middle age, suddenly rose out of his seat, and after a few *hems* and *has* to gain the attention of the company, said, "Gentlemen"

"Hear, hear," responded those around him.

"You've each told some wonderful tale to night, gentlemen," continued he, "and I have listened to them with pleasure; because I believe them to be true, though I must confess some of the situations were, in my opinion, mighty marvellous."

"Oh, oh!"

"Now, gentlemen, what I'm going to relate to you, is not an everyday occurrence, simply because it happened to me in the night."

"Morrison's pills!" whispered one.

"I was travelling from Devonshire to London, in the year 1794 in the month of December. On the first day's journey I arrived, about nightfall, at a small inn, or rather public house, the only habitation of the kind for ten miles round. It being a dark winter's night and a heavy shower of rain coming on at the same time, I was glad enough, as you may suppose, to meet with this accommodation, bad as it seemed. After seeing my horse and gig put into safe and happy keeping, I entered the traveller's room, as they were pleased to call it, but which to me, having been accustomed to the delightful and roomy parlours in London, appeared nothing better than a common tap or pot room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, which in some degree compensated for the shabbiness of the room, but which sadly contrasted with the dark features of three men, who were sitting in the farther corner.

"I cannot say that I am an extraordinary brave man, nor do I think I am actually a coward; but I must confess, the appearance of these threw a damp upon my spirits and I almost began to wish I had gone on to the village, notwithstanding the rain.—I rang the bell.

"Waiter, bring me a glass of brandy and water and a pipe."

"'Yes, sir,' replied a grinning dirty faced bumpkin, who I suppose on occasions served as waiter, ostler, and every thing.

"'Damned unfortunate!' exclaimed one of the men in an under-tone, though sufficiently audible for me to hear him; 'no other way but through the window,'—and they all fixed their eyes upon me.

"I shivered, cold sweat ran down my forehead—my knees knocked against each other, and I positively believe I could have fainted, and indeed perhaps I should have done so, had I not at the moment tossed off nearly the whole of the brandy and water.

"'Well,—it can't be helped,—must be so,—and damn me, if I care who knows it,' exclaimed the same man, as he, with the other two rose to leave the room.

"'Good night, sir,' they all gruffly exclaimed, as they passed me.

THE TOMB.

A tomb, as has been justly said, is a monument situated on the confines of both worlds. It at once presents to us the termination of the inquietudes of life, and sets before us the image of eternal rest. 'There,' in the eloquent expressions of Job, 'the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master.' It is very remarkable, that in all languages, and among all nations, death has been described in a style of this kind; expressed by figures of speech, which convey everywhere the same idea of rest, or sleep, or retreat from the evils of life. Such a style perfectly agrees with the general belief of the soul's immortality, but assuredly conveys no high idea of the boasted pleasures of the world. It shows how much all mankind have felt this life to be a scene of trouble and care; and have agreed in opinion, that perfect rest is to be expected only in the grave. BLAIR.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,—
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death,

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS

[From the Portland Magazine.]

SLANDER.

Every one who is not able to do without the good opinion of the public, is liable to be injured by the words, looks, and actions of others. There are but few of either sex, who are so independent of society, as not to be injured by the opinion it may entertain of them. Almost every one is dependent, in a general degree, on his individual efforts for a livelihood and for happiness. But whatever be his occupation, he cannot be countenanced, unless he is, to some extent, furnished with the requisite qualification of character. But for such character he must rely on public opinion.

Of all wars, that which marshals the evil passion of human nature to attack private character, is the most to be feared and deprecated. Yet this war, which is so destructive in every society, is scarcely regarded as an evil. Men plunge the dagger into the bosom of their neighbor's reputation and enjoy it as a kind of pastime—an innocent amusement. They are not aware that the slaughter is no less dreadful because the sound of the trumpet and the drum—the thunder of the cannon—the clash of armour—and the groans of the dying, fall not on the astonished ear.

But be not deceived. An engine of death, far more destructive than that which flew at the command of a Cæsar, an Alexander, or a Buonaparte, is now throwing its poisoned arrows through all ranks of society. When the hostile armies of nations meet—the struggle of death ensues—victory crowns the one side or the other, and the two nations are again at peace. The arrow that has been shot, fails to be shot no more. The spear that is thrown is blunted, never to be sharpened again—the fall that has swept its course of death through the ranks of the foe, is buried in the ground to be used no more in bloodshed. But the implement of moral death, launched from that engine, the tongue, more insidious, more destructive than all the martial apparatus of the field of Marathon, is destined not to fall to the ground when it has killed its man; but to urge its way through all ranks of society, with the rapidity of an electric shock. Yet not like the thunderbolt that splits the oak or the rock, and then disappears in the great reservoir of electric fire, leaving the heavens purer and brighter than before—but destined, like some deadly disease, to poison the life blood of whole generations of beings yet to be born, or like the earthquake that changes the face of the globe, burying whole towns in a dead sea of noxious exhalations, substituting the frightful abyss for the lofty mountain—barren wastes for fruitful fields and vineyards.

Such is the effect of slanderous speaking, and such is the evil which pure benevolence calls upon us to suppress. And such the evil for the prevention of which we should league together and act as one solid body. We rejoice much, that the world is so widely blessed with societies for *meliorating* the moral and intellectual condition of man. But we have yet to do something for ourselves—to do much at home, here in our streets, and at our firesides. We have given our charity to the support of the poor. Our money has crossed the ocean for the relief of the heathen. We have helped to build hospitals for the relief of the sick—the blind—the deaf—the dumb. We have formed ourselves into societies for the suppression of intemperance, and sworn by our *signature*, if nothing better, that we will neither touch, taste nor handle even the inoffensive wine that is pressed from the currant or grape, ripened in the pure sunshine of heaven, and sanctified, when in Cana of Galilee, the conscious waters saw their Lord and blushed. We associate for the purpose of protecting our houses from the flames—our ships from the dangers of the deep. But throughout the whole world, perhaps, there is not a society whose object is the suppression of scandal, the bridling of the tongue, and removing the thorns from our neighbor's pillow. We have not what is of more value to the poor and the rich than every thing besides, *a mutual moral insurance company*—a society for the protection of the reputation. A society whose members shall swear that they will sustain from the worst of intemperance—the giving utterance to any suspicion, report or other means of conveying ideas, that shall, according to their opinion, be likely to injure the character or feeling of others.

We believe the majority of our readers will support us in saying that great injury is done to society, both in regard to its feelings and property, by a too careless use of the gift of speech. Money is not all we want. We want peace of mind within ourselves; a fair understanding with our neighbor and something for our hands to do with all their might. And he who interferes with these blessings is inflicting a wanton injury on us and on society at large. Notwithstanding this evident truth, there is scarcely any one who has not suffered in consequence of false report. It is bad enough for a rich man to be calumniated who can live in some degree independent of the rest of the world. But when a poor person, dependent on the character he sustains in the estimation of the public, for the support of himself or his family, is thrown out of employ by a malicious slander, we pronounce it the vilest robbery that can prey upon humanity.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

This war on character is constantly going on. Every day slays its thousands, not to be removed to the silent tomb and be forgotten, but to be excluded from the sympathies of their fellows, and placed on the list of the vicious and worthless members of society.

We speak of many a sufferer. Of the maid who has been unable to procure a place by reason of some mistress who did not know how to give her a good character, or who, from motives of revenge, has purposely given her a bad one.

We speak of the innocent female, whose only fault is, in the eye of the slanderer, that she has no fault, and whose heart has been rent with anguish by the report of the enemy that her character was not as spotless as the unfallen snow, and who has been shut out from the pleasures, duties and honors of society, by some careless word which has gone through the circles of those who are and are not acquainted with her, and doomed her to a seclusion from which the most angelic virtue is scarcely sufficient to reclaim her.

We speak of the rich man, who has been falsely branded with the name of being *miserly* and *mean*, because he has the prudence to estimate the claims of those who apply to him for a portion of his gold—of him who has, for aught we know, relieved thousands from their distresses, in the unostentatious way pointed out to him by the Divine Legislator on the subject of charity and benevolence, who will not allow us to let the left hand know what the right does.

We speak of the professional man—the lawyer who has been accused of an inability to do justice to his client and been doomed to remain in the lower rank of his profession—of the physician whose want of skill has been falsely trumpeted through the circle of his practising opponents—of the merchant who has been turned out of business and his family into the street, by some fiendish report that he was not on a proper standing with his creditors.

It is also well known to us all that much evil has often arisen from a hasty and unfair interpretation of the conduct of our neighbor. And if this is a source of one of the many evils we have to correct, we think it is fairly within the province of benevolence to attempt to apply a remedy as soon as possible. If we give a meaning to the words of another which he did not intend to convey by them, we must certainly do him injustice.

We are capable of doing a person infinite mischief by repeating his words in a tone different from that in which they were uttered, by substituting a *rising* for a *falling* inflection of the voice—by a higher or lower pitch—a quicker or a slower movement—by a gesture of the hand, a little more or less fire of the eye—by the omission or insertion of a single word—by connecting the sentence with a different train of thought from that with which it was originally joined. We have it in our power to make the most innocent individual the object of suspicion and contempt—we may deprive him of the respect of his fellow men—we may disturb the peace of a family—break up the harmony of a neighborhood—put a whole State into disorder and eventually revolutionize the whole earth. Great effects result from little causes. Witness the commotion into which whole towns have been thrown by the careless, perhaps malicious, report of the words of another. Friends have immediately become enemies—neighbors are arrayed against neighbors—and thousands of evils, too numerous to be related, have followed in the train of one false representation. And this is natural enough. The world is moved by thought. No one knows the extent of his influence. Words are to different minds, what sparks are to magazines of powder scattered at catching distances throughout the various parts of the world. A single spark, lighting accidentally in some obscure corner, ignites the great circuit of destruction, and towns, cities, states and kingdoms are all involved in one promiscuous ruin.

Such being the effect of words, it becomes those who would exert the highest species of benevolence towards society, to be careful, not only what they say, but how they report what is said by others. If the utterance of a single word is capable of destroying the peace of a family or a neighborhood, and of making enemies of thousands for life and for successive generations, then, surely he who abstains from the utterance of such words, does an act of benevolence which outweighs all other charities he can possibly bestow.

Now we all know that there is no town in which much mischief has not been done in the way above mentioned. We every day hear that such or such a family are not on speaking terms—this or that gentleman are at swords' points—this gentleman and that lady do not see each other when they meet in the same street, because some Paul Pry has dropped in and told the one, that somebody had said something, I wont tell what, about the other.

We have all suffered enough in this way to become wise. Let us now begin to reform. Let us form ourselves into a grand benevolent society for the promotion of the right interpretation of the words, looks and actions of one another.

As regards the meaning of the words, let us not settle it, till we have heard them, or till they have been uttered.

In regard to looks, let us be certain whether they mean any thing at all, and if so, whether meant for us, and if for us, let us suppose they are meant for good and not for evil. If our neighbor does not see us in the street, let us presume either that he is near sighted, and therefore excusable, or attending to his own business, and therefore excusable most assuredly.

If his face wears the marks of discontent, let us presume that the chief cause of it is the view of himself, and not for us.

If the greetings of the afternoon do not correspond with the promise of the morning, let us suppose that a deficiency of *respect* for us, is the necessary consequence of an abundant regard for his dinner. He who gives two thirds of his attention to another, cannot give more than half as much to us.

If we perceive that our neighbor does not walk at the same rate, or in the same gait as ourselves, let us conclude that he has his reason for it—that nature has made him to take a longer or a shorter step than others, and that it would be exceedingly inconvenient, as well as unnatural for him to overstep, alter or understep, the measure of nature.

In short, to be serious, let us learn not to judge men by the look, the action or the word, of one single day; but let us try to gather up their character from their appearance on various occasions, at remote intervals. I do not know of an individual who would not suffer in reputation, if his character were to be determined by a single aspect. The life of every person must necessarily exhibit a variety. He is surrounded by thousands of circumstances which must produce a correspondent change in the character, the same set of circumstances producing different effects in different individuals. We cannot judge of the day from a single gleam of the morning star, or a solitary glimpse of the fading twilight of evening. We must watch its variety from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

From our Purchase Advertiser.

Brooks' Letters.

THINGS IN ROME.—No. LXX.

Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Unfortunately at Rome now is by strangers, for the children and seamstresses have blocked up the streets with their work, that the carriages can hardly get by, and showed us the whole population are in the request of our Redeemer, and if there is no error there is no truth. Indeed, I think that if I were to go over them in detail, I should find at least half of it indeed our great saint; and the men whom cities then that deserve no more as living as they are dead would edify as community richer, and that the new nonbelievers and socks Campaign was over Sunday of Rome, and the and salaries so much more constructive than the Sabbath. Indeed the city of the Thames, as of the Tiber, summoned the city of Rome to the dock, dust, and the Sabbath to the Sunday, and the Sunday to the day of the City. Sunday Rome at one end is just as good as Sunday Rome at the by two or six thirty-second a holidaiser, where more business is now done in a single hour, or just as visually, than that is done in Rome for a year. Turkey says that in the reign of Claudius, the population of Rome was 6,944,000 souls, and Josephus avers the number to be 8,000,000; but as it is doubtful whether there was ever 1,000,000 of Rome whether all Roman citizens were included as a matter which is not worth my while to decide. I think it probably was the fact in Knowles' computation, that the mother was more in the streets than in the city. The movement of Roman population in the days of the great Empire must have been prodigious, and probably we have never seen a more curious subject than the Roman populace in the streets of Rome, especially and the American mobs—which by the way, are such distant servants as unlike as the smiles of those in Rome for a year. Turkey says that in the reign of Claudius, the population of Rome was 6,944,000 souls, and Josephus avers the number to be 8,000,000; but as it is doubtful whether there was ever 1,000,000 of Rome whether all Roman citizens were included as a matter which is not worth my while to decide. I think it probably was the fact in Knowles' computation, that the mother was more in the streets than in the city. The movement of Roman population in the days of the great Empire must have been prodigious, and probably we have never seen a more curious subject than the Roman populace in the streets of Rome, especially and the American mobs—which by the way, are such distant servants as unlike as the smiles of those in Rome for a year.

Philadelphia Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 8.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, from Bicknell's Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

Sugar-house		
do. N. York	49	50
do. Philada.	48	50
do. Scotch	58	56
Trinidad	40	4?
Porto Rico	40	42
Eng. French Isl.	34	36
Hav & Matanzas	34	36
MACKEREL		
No. 1, bbl.	10 25	
No. 2	9 25	9 50
No. 3	5 00	5 25
OIL		
Linseed, Am. from store	92	95
do Dutch		
Whale, gal.	48	53
Sperm winter	1 00	
do summer	90	95
PLASTER PARIS		
In Del'ware ton	2 50	
In Schuylkill	2 50	2 75
SEEDS		
Clover, bush.	4 00	4 87½
Flaxseed rough	70	1 75
do. clean cash		
Timothy, bbd.	2 00	3 00
Herds, bush.		
Orchard grass	3 00	
WHISKEY		
Rye in bbls	34	35
do in hhds	32	32½
do from wagons	32	33
WOOL		
Prime Saxony fleece lb.		70
Am. wash ful bl'd	60	62½
do ¾ blood	50	55
do. ½ blood	45	0
do. ¼ and com.	40	45
Am unw'sh ful bl'd	24	0
do ¾ blood	27	8
do. ½ blood	26	27
do ¼ and com.	25	26
Sup'r. pulld lambs	32	36
No. 1. do.	45	40
No. 2. do.	33	42
No. 3. do.	25	30
Spa. sheep, R.F.&S.	60	1 10
do lambs	75	1 00

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST. PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, July 9, 1836.

TRIAL OF SPROGELL, BOON AND WILLIAMS, FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

This trial which was held in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judges King and Jones has caused an unusual degree of excitement. The facts of the case (for those of our readers who are unacquainted with the circumstances) are that last October, Aaron Waddington, a drover, having effected the sale of his cattle, arrived on his return home at the Point House Tavern, on the outskirts of the city kept by Sprogell, and shortly after being there was robbed of his pocket book on the highway whilst returning from the town to the Point House in a gig—upon this Sprogell and Fowler, who was then residing at the Point House as bar keeper, were arrested and stood their trial, Waddington having declared Sprogell to be the person who attacked him, and committed, in conjunction with others, the robbery on this occasion. The Jury could not agree as to their verdict—they were therefore dismissed and the prisoners remanded. Since then Fowler, one of the prisoners has been permitted to turn states evidence, and Boon and Williams have been arrested, Waddington in the present trial entertained some doubts of Sprogell's being the person who perpetrated the robbery. Fowler stated in evidence, and cross examination that he was in Newcastle prison waiting to take his trial when he first saw Sprogell who was introduced to him by Henry A. Smith, a burglar, and it was agreed that if he, Fowler, should get out he should go to the Point House. He did get out, and he went to the Point House and enquired for Smith, Sprogell told him to wait and Smith would soon be there; from that time he staid at Sprogell's occasionally serving in the bar under the name of Watson, and whilst there Williams was sick for three weeks together, and on getting well left. Boon also came. This was the position of the affairs up to the time of Waddington's arrival. Waddington was free, merry and jovial, and treated all who would drink with him. He conversed with Sprogell, spoke to him of his home, and his affairs. When Fowler and Sprogell were together after this, the latter told Sprogell he thought Waddington had money with him, as he had sold from 170 to 190 head of cattle. In the course of the afternoon Waddington's change ran out, and he took a $10 bill from his pocket book, upon which Sprogell winked at Fowler, and in an after conversation said, I told you he had money, he has with him between three and four thousand dollars, we must get it from him. Fowler proposed to slip it from his pocket, Sprogell thought it a poor plan, and proposed murdering his guest, saying "dead men tell no tales," but Fowler would not consent to this, and the plan fell through. After this it was concocted that Waddington should be attacked and robbed by Boon, Williams and one Alby Lawrence, and that Sprogell should take an emetic and become sick, and to seem to have no participation in the deed.

On the night preceding the general election, last year, as Fowler and Waddington were returning from town they were attacked and Waddington was robbed of the pocket book according to Fowler (whose evidence we are epitomising,) by Boon, Williams and Alby Lawrence Waddington was pulled out of the gig and sand thrown into his eyes; when the robbers had gone he concealed himself—and Fowler drove on to Sprogell's, and entering his room said you've played hell hav'nt you. Fowler stated that he had declared the robbery should not be committed in his presence, consequently he considered it a breach of faith on Sprogell's part. A host of witnesses was called both for the prosecution and the defence, those for the defence endeavoured to prove an alibi on behalf of Williams and Boon, but they failed in convincing the jury—it appeared that the witnesses for the defence where mostly of suspicious characters, and that although Williams just before the robbery had been very poor, afterwards sent $160 into prison to Sprogell, by Mr. Humphries, the attorney for the defence. The counsel addressed the jury first, St. Geo. Campbell on behalf of the commonwealth, who in a brief and eloquent speech—seemingly ripe beyond his years—urged the guilt and consequent necessity of conviction of the prisoners. He was followed by Mr. Humphries, counsel for Boon and Williams, who maintained that an alibi had been proved—Mr. Kennedy in a speech of great length which occupied part of two days—also most ably and forcibly pleaded for the defendants, but the climax was reserved for David Paul Brown, who in a speech of inconceivable beauty, and force drew around his clients a bulwark that seemed almost impregnable, and behind which they evidently conceived the most flattering hopes of freedom. The case closed with Mr. Doran's address to the jury on behalf of the commonwealth. We never remember a speech better arranged or brought to bear more forcibly—there was no wonderful beauty of thought as in Mr. Brown's but there were home thrusts from the evidence of facts which Mr. Doran said could not lie which crumbled the protecting fabric that had been thrown around the prisoners to the very ground and made it vanish into air. On Tuesday morning last Judge King charged the Jury and stated the nature of the law upon the two counts, with which the prisoners were charged they then left the box, and after being absent about four hours returned and recorded a verdict of guilty against Boon and Williams as being the perpetrators of the robbery, and guilty against Sprogell as being an accessary before the fact.

BRANCHES OF THE UNITED STATES BANK.

In compliance with the request of numerous citizens of Beaver county, the directors of the U. States Bank have resolved to establish a Branch near the Mouth of Beaver River, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. We copy Mr. Biddle's letter.

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES, June 24th, 1836.

GENTLEMEN:—I have submitted to the Board of Directors, your application for a Branch of this Bank in the county of Beaver, in which you state that "such an establishment would not only promote the interest of the Manufacturers and merchants in Beaver and the adjoining counties but would attract thousands from abroad, and cause hundreds of mercantile and manufacturing establishments to rise up—giving and yielding mutual benefits and facilities."

I have now the pleasure to inform you that the Board have cheerfully acceded to the wishes of so numerous and respectable a body of their fellow citizens, and have this day established a Branch in Beaver county. This will be organized and commence its operations as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed, and I trust will produce all the benefits which you anticipate.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Yours,
N. BIDDLE, President.

Messrs. James Patterson, N. P. Fetterman, A. W. Townsend, Thomas Henry, J. English, Robert Townsend, J. W. Hemphill, E. K. Chamberlin.

We are gratified in observing that agencies are springing up in all directions, showing that the Bank is attentive to the wants and wishes of the citizens in distant sections of the country: an Albany paper says:—

"We understand that a committee of gentlemen from Troy, have recently been to Philadelphia to solicit the establishment of an agency of the United States Bank in that city. What makes the occurrence somewhat worthy of note, is the circumstance that some of the principal men on the committee are Van Buren men, and have always claimed to be opposed to the Monster!!!"

The crew of the brig Florida, whilst lying wind bound in Nantasket roads on Sunday night last, bound for Pernambuco, fastened the officers into the cabin, stole the long boat, and made off with her. The officers extricated themselves the next day, and went up to Boston—afterwards returning with a crew for the vessel. The runaway crew are supposed to have gone to Quincy Bay, where the Marshall with a proper *posse* has gone in pursuit of them.

EDMUND BURKE.

We were lately looking into Prior's Life of Burke, and rose from its perusal with an increased admiration, if possible, of the character of this truly great man. Burke was formed for greatness. Nature had endowed him with genius of the first order, and his own persevering and indefatigable course urged him forward in the career of knowledge and fame. His mind was naturally active, and he did that from choice which others are accustomed to do from necessity, and consequently continued his labours, which seem not by him to have been accounted such, through those intervals which others usually employ in consulting their ease. His application was indeed astonishing, and in this respect he certainly furnishes one of the best examples that can be proposed for imitation; and perhaps also, (hard as it may be) one of the least difficult of his peculiarities or traits of character to imitate. Such consummate knowledge had he attained concerning the politics of Europe generally—England more particularly—that he seems almost to have been able to exercise the power of divination; unfolding events that yet rested in futurity, with almost as much accuracy as though they had actually passed before his own eyes. It is indeed remarkable in what a number of instances, touching the course and actions of the governments of England and France in particular, he seems to have been directed by a kind of spirit of prophesy.

Burke too, seems always to have had in view the happiness of his species—of all mankind; as witness his course in reference to America—the East Indians and the Catholics, and particularly his views in reference to the French Revolution. That this man was a great blessing to the age in which he lived; that he did much for the benefit and advantage of mankind, and which will continue to be felt to a late day, and in countries remote from that which had the honor of his birth; those who will read his biography, or are acquainted with his course—with his speeches and writings, will not hesitate to believe. He lived and acted with great men, sometimes in concert, sometimes in opposition to them; and it is by the side of such that he has been and will continue to be judged. Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan, his three illustrious contemporaries, were all great and brilliant men; but Burke, it is coming now generally to be conceded, rivalled them all in correct, sound, and enlarged views of government. Pitt, by his bold and fearless course, was perhaps better fitted for a first minister of England. Fox from his agreeable and fascinating address, no less than from the style and manner of his oratory, was better suited for a party leader in parliament; and Sheridan may also have filled a similar situation with more eclat, and certainly was a superior wit, but Burke was excelled by none of these in a knowledge of the politics of Europe, or the true policy and interests of his own government; nor yet in the exercise of that patriotism, learning and wisdom, by which, on enlarged and general views, that policy was to be promoted. His private character was inestimable in all respects. In short, we cannot contemplate the character of Edmund Burke in any light, without coming to the conclusion that his having lived, is an honor to human nature. We would recommend his life, character, and writings to such as admire wisdom, learning and virtue, particularly to our young men, since a more illustrious character or a more perfect model for their imitation cannot be proposed.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE MURDER.

The atrocious murder which was our painful duty to record last week is up to the present moment involved in impenetrable mystery. It seems that the old man who has fallen a victim to the rapacity of two demons, two blurs upon humanity was an Englishman, who had in the sear and yellow leaf of his existence left his home and country once more to see his son. At present all that has been gleaned, connected with the horrible event, is that a merchant of this city, upon seeing the deceased, recognised him as a fellow passenger from New York by the steamboat; he also says that the description given of one of the persons who was seen absconding from the victim answers to that of a person who was engaged in talking to the old man on board the vessel. It has been also stated that the unfortunate man entered the store of Messrs. White & Co. on Broad street, on Wednesday afternoon, and enquired the way to the Lamb Tavern. He stated to the storekeeper that he was from Oxfordshire England, and came to see his son, whom he expected to find located near the Lamb Tavern, he then went and was killed. We trust the officers will be like blood-hounds on the track of the murderers.

Since writing the above we find that the officers engaged in the pursuit of the miscreants have returned to Philadelphia, and are now without any clue to their detection, some persons have been arrested, but since acquitted.

The letter of our Washington correspondent this week is very brief. We therefore take leave to copy a letter from the correspondent of the U. S. Gazette, detailing a scene on the last night of the session of Congress.

Our correspondent says.—

We had a real scene of confusion last evening at the House, the floor was *filled* with ladies, by old prescription they hold it *their right*, to enter the hall itself on the last night of a session, and it is not expected that a quorum will be again assembled till November.

The President was at the Capitol signing bills till nearly two o'clock, and the House did not adjourn until about six, this morning.

In the Senate they had a splendid speech from Mr. Preston, he is in some respect a better orator than Henry Clay. When he begins to speak he is too stiff, but when 'under weigh' he gets excited, and loosing his stiffness, speaks elegantly, and the most figurative imaginery seems to present itself to his mind spontaneously.

(Correspondence of the United States Gazette.)

WASHINGTON, July 4, 1836.

It was feared yesterday that another duel would have taken place before this time, as a most outrageous scene took place in the House of Representatives from 3 till 4 or 5 o'clock yesterday morning. It appears that Mr. Sutherland occupied the chair in committee of the whole, and was hurrying business through with all convenient despatch, when he found himself opposed by Mr. Williams, a young member from Kentucky, who, standing up and exhibiting some of his *Westernisms*, when he was called to order, and requested to take his seat, by the chair. He declined submission, and shewed symptoms of opposition, which induced a repetition of the order, in a somewhat more positive tone. This, I understand, provoked Mr. Williams to offer a positive insult to Mr. Sutherland. The latter, with equal promptitude and propriety, left the chair, and as soon as the speaker had taken it, reported the fact. The speaker, thought it was a new case; explanations were made by some of the friends of Williams, but he uniformly destroyed the effect of all these, by repeating the offence, and insisting that he had not the slightest desire to retract, or to say any thing in the way of conciliation. Some of his personal friends, I am told, men of graver habits and more correct views of things, are very much mortified at the course of Mr. Williams, and one was affected almost to tears by his contumacy.—There were sundry propositions made, none of which were to the taste of the House, until one was suggested and moved to pass a severe censure upon the offender. The resolution embodied the offensive words, and declared that the House severely censured such a proceeding. This resolution passed by nearly a unanimous vote, and Williams was placed in a situation of novelty and humiliation. I am told that such was the feeling of the House that there would have been no difficulty in passing a resolution of expulsion if it had been moved. After the House had adjourned, there were rumors abroad that Williams had challenged Sutherland, and that the latter had accepted the challenge, and that a meeting would take place this morning. Nothing certainly has yet taken place, as both the individuals are walking about the House—a great deal of anxiety expressed in the countenance of Mr. Sutherland, and something of a reckless malignity written in the features of Williams. Indeed, report says that the reputation of the latter is such as to warrant the apprehension that something in the way of a rencontre is very like to take place.

This is one of the effects of these night sessions. Had the House acted more industriously, and talked with less assiduity during the last seven months, there would have been no necessity for midnight sessions, out of which arose the duel between Mr. Jenifer and Mr. Bynum, and the brawl which took place yesterday, just before the Sabbath sun had risen. The march of improvement among us is like the march of crabs, any thing but a forward direction.

HINT TO BOOKSELLERS.

The following suggestion from a valued correspondent, we conceive worthy the attention of booksellers, when submitting new publications for notice. If the prices of new books were appended to the notice, purchasers in the country would know what sum to forward, and would purchase more frequently than when uncertain of the price.

PRICE OF BOOKS.

MR. ATKINSON.—In the advertisements for books, newly published, there is one remarkable omission which runs through our public prints; and that is, not stating the price. There are innumerable instances, where books would be ordered, and their price remitted, was that price stated. But as the annunciations are now made, they are useless to persons residing at a distance from the places of publication. There can be no rational doubt, but that, if the price per vol. as is done generally by French booksellers, was given, it would redound very greatly to the advantage of the publishers.

In the Revue Encyclopedique, where any book is mentioned in the text, a marginal note with very few omissions, gives the price according to the style of binding, or in boards, if so required: and some times in highly valuable works, the quality of the paper also influences the price, as part of the edition is printed on more or less expensive paper.

All these things being stated, the reader of the advertisement is put in possession of data to regulate his proceedings in regard to purchase.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DEVOTED.—By the authoress of the Disinherited, Flirtation, &c. in 2 volumes, published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. This is one of that vast portion of publications, which may be said to be born for—to live and die in a Circulating Library. It is like thousands which have preceded it—it is like thousands which will succeed it—which seem engendered to administer to the ravenous appetite for novelty with which the reading portion of the community who sub- [illegible]

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE LYCEUM SYSTEM.

[illegible]

THE MOURNER'S BOOK.

[illegible]

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

MARRIAGES.

[illegible]

DEATHS.

[illegible]

SALES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

Theatre, Chesnut Street.

[illegible]

NEW BRIGHTON AND BEAVER Town Lots, for sale.

[illegible]

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

[illegible]

Rev. B. Hibbard's Carminative Salve.

[illegible]

Tetter Ointment.

[illegible]

White Italian Mulberry Seed.

[illegible]

Wanted.

A View of the North Pole,

THE INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY WITH THE CORONATION OF WILLm 4th

[illegible]

Variously the spoon of Life,
That grives in all the Universe.

From the Monmouth Inquirer.

THE KELLY SOLILOQUY.

AN IMITATION

'Twill rain! 'twill rain! I will I had
A thousand sleeves, or more!
I do declare, it is to be
To see the rain drops pour.

My sleeves! O! they could catch somehow,
Each drop before it fell;
At any contestant they'd fondly bow,
And never dare rebel.

'Twill blow! 'twill blow! and rue has said
That I have got a cold;
I shan't be there to night—and Phil,
Poor Phil! wont on behold.

And then there's Johnson and Bee White:
Je-Johnson, the dear!
There's whaley Hance and Dr. B.
Will think 'tis very queer.

'Twill hail! 'twill hail! and Mrs. L. L.
Will e'mulo by there;
And when she's trying of the time,
My corpuscles, pinch, to stare.

My corpuscles! oh! I cand not ask
More sleeves to do my will;
To count them all would be a task—
I won't, and so will.

XENOPHUS.

HARD TIMES.—An old lady was complaining a few days since, at the counter, of the excessive high prices of provisions. "Ef," said she, "the meat only that is so monstrously dear," said she, "but I cannot obtain flour for making bay; now this would never do, for I must have, and I do not make the eggs half as large as they used to be!"

One of the Jos tells with a story of a young man who had got rid the nuisance of his Knitted Hose, in a state of extreme discomfiture. It happened that one of the heels of the only hosen he could for the life of him find, was entirely wanting. He mended more, less, however, rather than one, I suppose, he gave it up. "Well, I declared," said he, "I can do no later than ever I know it."

HOPE AND MEMORY.

As the wild waves of ocean ebbe,
And life of every mortal flow,
Hope's honeyed le dance upon the tide,
And memory speaks below.

Anecdote of Napoleon.—When Napoleon returned to his cabinet, stunned only since his defeat at Waterloo, he consoled his ministers by ordering a return to first principles—but of the grooms of the chamber sent, instead to serve him on coffee, in five minutes, he the astonished to find, almost unknown, Napoleon on had occasionally discouraged her to notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his head spread over his arms—The page stood patiently before him, waiting with inflexible harmony on no complaint prevented no viewing a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace; at least the little stimulant prevented his own, that feeling, in the familiarity of a age when known—so little discretion. "Eat something will do you good."

The emperor looked at him, and asked, "Do you no belong to Gismo?" (a village near Paris.)

"No, sire, I come from Parrette."

"Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then *be happiness*," replied the extraordinary being, who was still master of France, and king of Italy.

Among all the productions and inventions of human art, none is more valuable and useful than Writing, by means whereof a man may open out his very thoughts, enter his mind without opening the mouth, and signify his pleasure at a thousand miles distance; and this by the help of inconsiderable words by various points and different combinations of which all words that are understood are made up, and can be framed, and the several ways of joining, closing, and transposing the letters, is known to a Chinese or Jesuit who takes notice to amount to 24,326,783,107, 20,800 ways, so that although there is no known end each may be expressed by the help of this wonderful alphabet, which may be comprised in the compass of a farthing.

DEMAS AUSTRALIE.—The candidates of a boiled neighbor of beef and pudding reminded of town what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dine out, soon after, and he was one of the unfortunate of the invended; then, a small rather, and a boiled edge, have of beef. "The very thing of which I like," he said, "cannot end Pope; I will come with the greatest pleasure." And come he did, but not for long. The cold meats ate no longer; when the word was given and a hundred of women was brought in, for he he must the subject of a new contest epsode.

"Fy! fiver of ither

Never ranged in a forest, or sandy'd on a platter;
The haunch was a garnish for princes to study;
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope discovered a grease the nature of the thing had not been bred but him, but he was lately caught, and when a piece offered of stuffing was a cat, he hastened from his table and left, and gave way to indignation; it was no town, exclaiming, "A fraud is among yours stealing, and to be served in the manner of Quadrie Arcture."

Plain and Pithy Remarks of old Humphrey on Pills.

For a bit of emulation, go into the church-yard and read the gravestones. There will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your last residence, and the earth your place of abode. Then what is the worm your nearest relation?

For a bit of trusting—look out for the lark and blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and distressed, and they will make you sensible of the comforting of your higher affection.

For a bit of praising—look out for the good things which God has given you in this world, and in those which he has promised in that which is to come. He was given you his garden to look for flowers and apples—if the one should find fault with the other, look for a flower, any reason with one blooming in the bosom.

For a bit of dazzle, peripicate and fear, whether they come over the body of the mind, look to the Lord for the land for the mind, the protection, to be near, the Lord is among us, for I had a fear to the Lord, and Proverbs, "I am thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

Greece, but Losing Greece no more!—So at least we must infer from the following:

From Patras Packet, version from Patras, 15th January, this year, to M. Lowndes secretary of Monkey —"Greece is on the most despondent condition. Not lower in every respect in confusion at this fatal city, and, in a word, quite lost words. You have seen the letter of the state to Patras, now I suppose, overgrown with wants and wishes, and the people of this town have formerly 100,000 grow. Reduced to be the whole country exists in ruins, and trouble I can—it is a hell to the commerce, the owner is which after being ruined, and the people are deserted off, and if I read right, the mouth also, as a recently against friend of republic. The English Council I suppose, have not started here, and yet surely both into that Patras is the principal town in New Greece, and exchange—Courier and Enquirer.

"The Prince is now at London.

WASHINGTON'S LETTERS.—A first I brought on the evening of the letter which Washington wrote to Major Lee, upbraiding of the conduct of his troops in New Jersey, and stating that he could no longer write to him in the affable terms he had formerly done.

DEAR SIR:—

The plain proposed for taking A——d, (the mutilation of which are communicated in your letter,) with the men there commissioned to execute it, I approve, without a single entry mark of a good one.

I therefore agree to the promised reward, and have much entire confidence in your management of the business, to give it such a just equivalent as I shall find the whole to the gradation of your own judgment, with your experience, reputation and general reputation, that is, A——d, is brought to the arms.

The consequence of executed shall obtain my consent to his being put to death. The idea which would accompany the execution of the sentence of the offence has been found to commission him. My aim is to make a public example, and to impress with much speed. Desertion, however aid also tend to suppression, to it but you will ensure safe conduct for the messenger, that we do not succeed in the matter. The intercourse between the party in and out of the city, should be managed with much caution, and secrecy, indifference, or else the frequency of their meetings, by any betray the design, as it involves bad consequences, if any is founded you will please every matter in a proper point of view to the satisfaction of the officers, and to the good effect, at stake.

I am, D——, your obedient servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

From the Mobile (Alabam) Mercantile Advertiser.

A Sketch of Daniel Webster south of the Potomac.

You ought to see Mr. Webster—look upon his extraordinary face—listen to his manly voice; and though it is an Eastern face, that is, a native of the land which embodies the ideas of emancipation, I cannot but look upon him as one of whom our whole country—North, East, West and South—should be proud. I believe him to be above the party influences of sectional and sectarian prejudices. He goes proudly and boldly to it in the field of American Policy, and has made our institutions understood from his power of analysis, and the name of our country respected by the courts of Europe by the glorious exposition of his gigantic intellect. Keep him of prejudice or prizes that attaches to his associations with the far past, in the time of the law was, view him alone in the light of the great champion of the Constitution on the floor of the Senate, and the Union and nationality of the States, and he presents a splendid figure to the mind. He is ruly great, and of course there is some curiosity on the part of others, besides to know what manner of looking man he is. Though it is not my love to describe persons, yet, while Congress is also jog over a one-horse coach, I will sketch you off in running style this celebrated New Englander.

You are in the gallery—you are jammed by a range of whiskey and a regiment of boners; the ladies say "more room!" the gods know and say "silence!" You resort to pen outline, my kind reader, with me, where we can take a quiet and orderly view of matters and things, and some rooms, while the oratory of the gallerie are fighting and squabbling for seats, we will examine the face and features and scrutinize the head of the Senator.

One fellow near—darkly over our shoulders says—"There, that's our *Daniel*"—and his long hair fingers push back the locks of his head as the man of the rather round and with angular count tenance.

I have a full and correct phrenological profile of Forsyth, the hero of the Internal Machine, and the likeness between him and "our Daniel," as the Down Easter says, is very striking; and mind ye, Forsyth is a large-headed man, though attach d to him, a scholar, though an amateur. I mean no disparity to the wool hat on the front floor of the Senate, by saying that he is a *baller* by science and skike. However, the likeness is very striking. The same high chest and prominent forehead, our locks point out, is standing or talking to Hendricks, who looks as if he believed "ere to him—How different is his face from the one I am going to describe! I have mentioned him and up we run, for now are into a parlor, and the only way to get out of it is to go through the window—that is the case of the Daniel Webster.

He is talking to Clay—did you ever see such a head, measuring from the phrenological point at the back of the head, the crown to the portal of the ear, and almost the whole is compact? Clay is dark, but Webster is black as the raven's feather, and though not bold, yet he is immense intellect and to such a height as to lead to strike one with the idea that he was not.

His forehead is not what I expect, over an eye very extraordinary indeed. Human eyes can look in and out I never saw Lord Bill, or Nero, or any of that stamp, even in his face; least seems a look occasionally, but Webster's alone dar, and Niles a d Phrenologists will take their notes in order that come to Webster's head, which looks as he believed was to have—he guest Webster.

The nose is very, very, very black and large—the largest black eye that I ever saw—and there is such a talk in and about that something he could not impress—they seem as I some space was looking on a mountain—wide and and immeasurable earth, which when he gets upon his an comic notes, you would think was a demon. His mouth and lips are they long and pronounced, a very handsome and well rounded face. His mouth is not a bad one, though there are thin and generally wears a bitter and wicked sneer, and yet he can put on a smile and a chuckle sometimes, in private which I understand the men on stage to Bath. He has no love to market, and is by no me a fe gale, who of course begged. Dan put his hand in his characteristic pocket and drew thereby a handful of cake, and gave to Letcher—Letcher thanked the orator, and they both passed on that pa to the end.

By and by Dan began to cog one upon dinner and his son Ike: he left on his pocket 1/4 cash, and he was soon—he had given away and long since. He borrowed from a friend and bought his return. And the largest deed of a great chap—proposed sensations, he is a great man, and I am sure that there is no part of the upper jig, and it truth the under one lot of it.

The first time I saw and heard the great man, was when he got up to address a political meeting in the Lancaster, Robert Y. Hayne. He turned aside the chair of the meeting, and stepped to the front in charge of comment a while days, amid the assembled multitude, and commenced his speech in reply to that of Webster. I can shall forget his looks upon that occasion; every drop of blood seem'd to have left his face—it is nothing natural could remain where so much of the intellectual power was.

When he speaks he uses but few gestures, and his voice is not powerful, it is pleasant, it plunges at times to the ear, and becomes agreeable. It is the aspect of the deep energy that you love to look at in the whole of itself, and manner.

Webster is rather his queer in his manner, and though he is not the orator that Henry Clay and Preston are, he is still a very eloquent man, and that is saying a good deal. I have given you a sketch of this great man, and I hope you will make some use of it where you may think proper.

Yours, &c.

A Gentleman of Rhodes at a single string.

ANECDOTES OF OLD GEN. SCOTT.

We have had remarkable men in almost every State, whose sayings it is the province to be even the hero and a model for future men, but we have not only seen in the memory of most of our readers. We refer to Israel Putnam, the unrivalled hero, and to the many odd sayings of was Governor of New York.

Scott was a soldier in the Revolution. And it was in that service, we suppose, he caught a touch. That was a decision in his character, but he always insisted on it at all his friends that they must not do so. Generally, he insisted on all his having by a—

Gen. Scott, in his native State of Virginia, was Scott. When the fate of the Union at any was suspended by the action of the Legislature of Virginia on the ordinance of secession, Gen. Scott, who had been previously called with Washington was present, and he said, "Well, boys you know the old hero has put on his war paint and feathers, and now I will never see you again." He never came. Now I want to tell you one thing. You do not forget that I am with you in heart and soul. I am powder and lead, and I have vowed you ahead of a thousand men. Now I tell you what I do, you must be wanted every crack in your rifle. For this reason I have ordered a number of rifles to be made, and I have got them upon that bridge, the one which was known to be during the war in battle and a half of the Union. I ordered you to be sent to you, as the Commander-in-Chief, still wrong on the side of the Union. Now, boys, I tell you that Washington has vowed to join the army. The bridge was very much destroyed, and the structure could not be preserved.

Scott said, we are constrained to acknowledge another man remains the one we have just to so much. He was going to commence the war in the field, and then in enlarging the proportions, he ever intended to command the army. He was going to the Union forces, and never be required to English, he told many times that he was going to the field. He said over every where in this new country see the deer, him thereby in a few days, and he was going to the field. He went from top to top, running with the swiftness of lightning and the strength of a lion. He was the best shot in the world that he could not be beaten. He said that he was with difficulty a rabbit could pass him, so true was his aim. He was a great hunter, and he thought it. He threw deer make out to run through his fingers, and he could not help it. He said that if it was as much a sin to kill a deer as it was to kill a man, and then immediately resisted: "Ah! my good sir, that's their look out."

When Scott was a candidate for Governor in Kentucky, he was opposed to Col. Allen, a native Kentuckian, a young man of fine personal appearance and of the Rose Bacon. They were somewhat together at a general muster, where the latter was addressing the people, and Scott was present. He said that he was no orator, his duties were of another character, but he would say a few words. Allen had been very eloquent, and Scott gave him a good educator on this occasion over the people